

The Fulton County News.

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McCONNELLSBURG, PA., DECEMBER 26, 1918.

\$1.50 A YEAR

RECORD OF DEATHS.

Short Sketches of the Lives of Persons Who Have Recently Passed Away.

MRS. JOHN CARBAUGH.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carbaugh, widow of John Carbaugh, late of Ayr township, died at the home of her son Elmer Carbaugh tenant farmer on the McGovern (George Tritle) farm in Big Cove on Friday, December 20, 1918, after an illness of about four weeks, aged 60 years, 5 months and 16 days. The funeral conducted by Rev. E. J. Croft, took place Sunday afternoon and interment was made in Union cemetery.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Isaac P. Deshong, and she was married to John Carbaugh about 35 years ago. Her late husband died about two years ago. She is survived by Russell T. near Big Cove Tannery, Mary Elizabeth, wife of William Walker at Mercersburg, and Elmer W., at whose home she died.

Among those from a distance who attended the funeral were C. B. Hockensmith, Darrell Hockensmith, J. N. Hockensmith and daughter Martha; Joseph Ribblet and two daughters Mrs. Vernie Hughes and Miss Wilda Ribblet, and John and Martha Deshong—all of Johnstown, Pa., and William Walker and son Leslie, and John Saville and William Saville and wife—all of Mercersburg.

MRS. CATHARINE EDWARDS.

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jos. H. Melius, near Hustontown, Mrs. Catharine Edwards died on December 4, 1918 at the advanced age of 82 years, 5 months and 25 days.

She was a daughter of Abraham and Catharine Witter and is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Josiah Witter, Waterfall; John Witter, Brad-dock; Sabina Greenland, Shippsburg; and Alice Horton, Pittsburgh.

The children left to mourn the departure of a kind, loving mother are: William Edwards, Waterfall; Kepler, Portland, Oregon; Robert, Six Mile Run; Mrs. Geo. Diggins, Altoona; and Mrs. J. H. Melius, Hustontown.

She was buried in the cemetery at Center M. E. church, of which church she had been a member for over sixty-six years.

ISAAC LANEHART.

Isaac Lanehart, aged 74 years, 2 months and 25 days, died at the home of his son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bishop Monday, December 16, 1918 of diseases incident to advancing age. The funeral services conducted by Eld. J. C. Garland, of the Brethren Church, took place on the following Wednesday and interment was made at Cedar Grove. The deceased was a veteran of the Civil War, and was practically in it from start to finish. He was mustered in on the 8th day of September, 1861, in Company A, 11th regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, and served until January 1 1863. He immediately re-enlisted in the same Company, was promoted to corporal and was not mustered out until the first day of July 1865.

Mr. Lanehart is survived by two sons and one daughter: John Ephraim, residing near Greencastle, Franklin County; Aaron, living in Hancock, and Ella, wife of Charlie Bishop at Needmore.

MRS. IRA D. DENEEN.

Mrs. Rebecca Jane Deneen, aged 46, wife of Ira D. Deneen, died Saturday evening at her home, 801, Arch street, Cumberland, Md., after an illness of several months. She is survived by her husband and eight children. The body was taken to Warfordsburg, Pa., for interment.

DONALD MELIUS.

Donald Ray, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Melius, died at the parents home near

Soldier's Letter.

The following letter written in France on the 18th day of November by R. S. Bernhardt, was received a few days ago by his mother, Mrs. A. T. Bernhardt of Bethel Township.

DEAR MOTHER:—I am located in one of the nicest camps in France. This is a beautiful country and the people seem very friendly toward the Americans.

The farms are very small. What we would call a garden, the French would call a field. The fences are mostly hedge, stone, or sod. I have seen very few 4-wheeled farm wagons. They use a two wheeled cart. Some oxen are used for farming. Where horses are used they hitch one in front of the other. I have seen very few hitched abreast. When we are marching, it is not uncommon to have two or three dozen French children running along, or holding our hands, asking for pennies, candy, or cigarettes.

We use mostly French money which is hard to get accustomed to. For a U. S. dollar you can get a whole handful of French money. One might think they are rich till they learn the value of it. You need not worry about me not having warm clothing. I have a pair of heavy wool socks and woolen underwear, and every thing that one needs. The climate is also milder where I am than in Pennsylvania.

I am going to attend church today as it is Sunday. I guess you know that the time is five hours earlier here than at home. When we are eating our dinner here you people are just finishing your breakfast. We have the prettiest sunsets here I have ever seen.

Everything is very interesting, but I do not think I would want to live here. The Indians knew where the best place to live was and if nothing happens I will come back to the Indian land some day.

When we are marching, soldiers sometimes standing along the road, ask whether any one is from certain towns or states. When any one yells "Pennsylvania" there is always a whoop from the Pa. boys. We can get all the tobacco we want as cheap or cheaper than at home. I am not permitted to send address on post cards. If anyone wants to write me you can give them my address.

I do not know how long we will be kept here but I imagine that it will be 6 or 7 months after peace. Don't expect mail regular. When I have a chance I will write. I have not heard from home now for over 5 weeks but I will make allowance for that. It may be that much longer before I hear. I am well, with best wishes for a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

I am, as ever, your son.

R. S. BERNHARDT,
500 Aero Sqd.,
American E. F. France,
via New York.

Miss Edith Wilds and Mrs. Humphrey Naugle, of Fort Littleton spent last Saturday in town.

Hustontown on November 30, 1918, aged 1 year, 9 months and 14 days.

The little one is survived by his parents and three brothers and one sister; also by two half brothers and one half sister, all at the Melius home.

Interment was made in the cemetery adjoining the Center M. E. church.

MANN.

Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Mann of Webster Mills died on the 6th of December. Interment took place in Union cemetery on the 8th.

CUTCHALL.

Infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers Cutchall of Ayr township was buried in Union cemetery on Friday of last week.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Anna Mary Sipes and Marion Hessler Ran Down By Automobile Monday Evening.

A shocking accident occurred on East Lincoln Way, near the east end of McConnellsburg about 7:30 o'clock Monday evening, in which Miss Anna Mary Sipes lost her life, and Miss Marion Hessler was painfully injured.

Miss Sipes is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil P. Sipes, and a granddaughter of Hon. and Mrs. John P. Sipes. She was taken into the home of her grandparents when a mere babe, and grew up in the home, and was at the time of her death almost eighteen years of age. She graduated from the McConnellsburg High school, and since the opening of the Fall term she had been a student at the Shippensburg State Normal school. As has been told by the News her grandfather and grandmother have been in Philadelphia several weeks, the former having undergone a surgical operation at a hospital in that city. Upon the invitation of her friend Marion Hessler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hessler resident of East Lincoln Way, Anna Mary was spending her Christmas vacation in the Hessler home.

Monday evening shortly after seven o'clock, Anna Mary and Marion started from Marion's home to go to the post office, and were walking and chatting along near the residence of P. P. Shives when a big Overland touring car driven by Max H. Sheets, and containing eight or nine passengers, bore down upon the unsuspecting girls. The driver stopped his car as soon as possible and he and the passengers did everything possible for the unfortunate girls. They were carried tenderly into the home of Mr. Shives, and physicians summoned, but Anna Mary was so seriously injured that death resulted in little more than half an hour. While Marion was cut and bruised worse than Anna Mary, the latter probably sustained internal injuries.

Soldier's Letter.

From Gilbert D. Everts, Co. D, 49th Eng. A. E. F., written somewhere in France, October 15, 1918.

On our way across the Atlantic, we saw a German submarine about two days before we reached Liverpool. We all started to shoot. We had some very good guns, did some rapid firing, and in a very short time we had the submarine. Here in France, everything is very old-fashioned—people wear wooden shoes and have very little to eat. Dwelling houses are built of rock and people and animals occupy the same house.

Well, I have had some real war experience, as every man has who gets on the firing line. If any one tells you he was on the real front two or three months, you can put him down as a ——— fabricator, for ten days is about the limit of man's endurance there. I have seen them up on No Man's Land wounded, dying and dead by the thousands. Airplanes were flying overhead like flies. Talk about shooting: We have some guns that fire 800 shots a minute. The heavy artillery will shoot for miles. Then, there is the mustard gas—one breath of it, and up goes your toes. The grounds is full of mines, and if you happen to be over one when it goes off, you are blown into the middle of next week. In all the battles on the front since the 18th of July, the Yanks never ran, and every boy was just crazy to be allowed to go over the top.

The only one I have seen from home since I have been over here, is Bon Regi. He and I were together about ten days. He is well and looking fine. Bon said he saw Ralph Lininger and Rush Wagner.

I think the war will soon be over and we will all be home by spring.

Soldier's Letter.

The following extracts are taken from letters written by John William Denisar "Somewhere in France" to his home folks at Wells Tannery.

November 8.—I have just received your letter of September 19th. I am yet in the hospital and getting along well, but have much pain. So, Roy Earley is at the front? Well, my company was there long ago. It is foggy and misty to-day and very damp. You say you are not running the car now on Sunday. I suppose it is because gasoline is getting scarce. I do not know where gas is now; I have not seen him for two months. Yes, we get lots of grapes. There is a great crop of them, but no other kinds of fruit where I have traveled. I have had but one letter since I have been over here. I have not been at one place long enough for my mail to catch up with me. You said Roy was in the 319th and I, in the 330th. You cannot count it as you did, as he was not up there much before my company. My company is, in plain words, all shot to pieces, and most of those left are in hospitals. I can speak French pretty well. I got a book and began studying the language soon after coming over. Do not suppose it will be long until we get to come home, for we have the Huns on the run now, and intend to keep them going. O, if I had a good pumpkin pie to start in on now, or a good apple pie and a glass of sweet milk. I haven't seen a pie since I left home. This is a great country. I like it. Of course, I will take the good old U. S. for mine, no part of which beats old Fulton County. Write soon and give me all the news.

November 20.—Well, the war is over at last! Sure, it was great here, when we heard of the ceasing of hostilities. I am pretty well now. I suppose it will not be very long until we will be going home. Probably some of the boys are on their way now. I have not seen any one yet from home, but have seen lots of Pennsylvania boys. Very many Pennsylvania boys lost their lives on the battle front. I notice by the casualty list that Charles Goodman of Altoona was killed in action.

I am writing this letter in a Red Cross building. Regards to all my Wells Tannery friends. Hope to see you all soon.

Privt. JOHN WILLIAM DENISAR,
Co. A, 330th.

Soldier's Letter.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Peter C. Forner who is doing military police duty in Paris, to his mother, Mrs. Lucina Forner of this place. The letter was written on the 18th of November.

DEAR MOTHER:—I am now in Paris doing military police duty. I do not know how long I will be kept here; I hope not very long, for I do not like it at all in Paris. I like the work well enough, but not the city—I never did like the cities—even in the States.

We can write with a little more freedom now, as our letters do not have to be censored. I will write you some in French that you may see what kind of language we have to speak over here, and how hard it is to learn. I am sure I wrote more letters to you than you ever received. I wrote, when I was where I could, at least one a week; but when I was at the front, I did not have much chance, and when we did write, they did not always get them sent, for sometimes the mail carriers got killed, and our mail would be all lost. In the same way the carriers whose duty it was to bring us food and drink, would be killed, and we would not get anything to eat or drink for two or three days; and one time, it was four days that we had nothing to eat and only one drink of water. So, you can see what it means to play the war game. I could write a trunkful, but I will wait until I get home. Hope you are well.

SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Connected Story of Roy Foreman's Experiences with the American Expeditionary Force.

Letter written Somewhere in France on the 24th of November by Roy Foreman to his father Geo. W. Foreman in Wells Valley, gives a connected account of Roy's experiences since leaving Camp Mills, N. Y.

DEAR FATHER:—I am well, with the exception of a little cold contracted during a 28-hours ride on a troop train from Querrien to this place (Balton).

On the 7th of last May, mother and Elizabeth left me at Camp Mills and went home, and I returned to camp just in time for reveille, and began at once to pack up for our trip "overseas."

May 10th we left Camp Mills at 7:45 a. m. on a L. I. troop train and arrived in Brooklyn at 11, where we were transferred to ferry boats that took us down the bay until we came up alongside the transport Canada, which we boarded and were given quarters in the saloon, which was the second deck from the top. This spacious apartment had been furnished with dining tables, and with hammocks in which we were to sleep. This was new experience for me. We at first felt like a cat in a strange garret, but we soon became accustomed to our new surroundings and felt quite much at home. We were on a British ship, and we were fed and cared for by them. Naturally, we did not get as good attention as Yanks do on American ships. We were fed on goat meat, tea, and oatmeal. These were our main articles of diet. The meat was probably two or three years old, as it was storage meat and we did not have any means of determining its exact age.

May 11th at 11 o'clock a. m. we cast anchor, and our big boat began to move out on its long journey across the "pond." In our convoy were 8 transports, 1 battleship, 1 freight ship, 4 submarine chasers, 2 submarine destroyers and 2 seaplanes. On account of engine trouble, one ship had to return to Halifax, N. S., and two others joined us when several hundred miles out at sea. On the 15th of May a storm broke upon us and continued to grow in intensity until 18th, when it passed and we had nice weather the rest of our journey across.

May 14th we saw seven whales right alongside our ship; also, some jumping-fish. During the storm, at least 90 per cent. of our men were sick. Outside of a terrible headache, I stood it first rate. Sometimes the waves would leap entirely over the vessel, and the vessel would sometimes swing entirely over on its side upsetting tables chairs and everything that was not made fast. All this was calculated to give boys that had not had much experience with waters greater than Anderson's Dam, a slight palpitation of the heart. Our ship carried 2500 men, and 30,000 tons of cargo, a four-inch gun, and full lifeboat equipment.

May 22nd, as we were ploughing along, near land on the other side one of our convoy ships was torpedoed. The U-boat was not seen, but depth charges were let loose, which shook every boat for miles around. We thought sure our boat was torpedoed. The torpedoed ship went to the bottom; but as the fleet was near the coast, most of the crew was picked up, or succeeded in swimming to the shore.

When we awoke on the morning of the 23rd, we were happy to find our boat anchored in the middle of the harbor at Liverpool, Eng. At 2 o'clock that afternoon the gangplank was thrown out and we were permitted to leave the boat. My! it seemed good to set foot on land again. We stayed around the wharf at Liverpool until 8 o'clock that evening, when we were marched to a

Returning Soldiers.

The Pennsylvania Council of National Defence is authorized by Washington to announce that returning soldiers will be given one month's pay plus transportation allowance of 34c per mile from the point of their demobilization to their home towns. Their railroad tickets will cost two cents per mile by direct route.

Demobilization will be from the nearest army camp to the home sections of a majority of the men in each unit.

railroad station and we had our first experience with English railway service. Engines and coaches are so much smaller than those used on American railways. The coaches are divided into compartments, each accommodating eight persons. These compartments do not have communicating doors, but a door opens directly out to the station platform. Tickets are taken before train starts, as conductor cannot go from car to car while train is moving. Our train left the station at Liverpool at 8:30 on the evening of the 23rd of May, and we rode all night. Next morning we passed through the outskirts of London, through several other large English towns and reached Dover at 10:30 a. m., May 24th. Here we were fed and quartered in barracks, and remained until 11 o'clock a. m. of May 25th, when we took to boat and sailed across Dover strait, 36 miles, to Calais, France, arriving at the wharf at 12:50 p. m. On our way across, we passed a German floating mine, which our boat missed by about twenty feet. We had to go at full speed to keep the U-boats from having too much chance to play with us. Had the mine been directly ahead, we could not have missed it. When we landed in France we were cheered by men around the docks. From the dock we marched two miles to a rest camp and slept in canvas tents that night. We were now within earshot of the big artillery duels taking place at the front, more than a hundred miles distant.

May 27th we went to Aud-Rique by train, arriving there at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Then hiked five miles to a camp at Nordausque, where 16 of us were quartered in a big circus tent, where we remained until the 4th of July. While in this camp we were sent to school to learn work in the Intelligence Department. We were taught to locate and report all enemy posts, movements and general activities of the enemy, as well as to report conditions concerning our own troops in an advance, or an attack on either side. We were to follow up close to the front or firing line, and use field glasses and telephones to observe back-area movements. Our title is Division Observers and there are seven others besides myself in this detachment. We also have a part in the handling, examining and searching of prisoners. While at this place, I had my first opportunity to see Sir Douglass Haig and General Pershing.

June 1st, got my first mail—seven letters—two from home; two from Elizabeth, and three —O, no! While here we had opportunities to see our airships in real battle maneuver, and to see our first Fritz air raid. On the 4th of July we went to Watou, Belgium, and stayed until July 9th when I was sent to the front line at Ypres (cepers) in Belgium. I left Watou at 2:30 p. m. and reached Ypres at 6 the same afternoon. It was here that I saw my first ruined town; had my first experience under shell fire; saw first dead killed in action; first German prisoners and many other of the awful scenes in war. While here we slept in dugouts, and were continually under a harassing shell fire. While here, I saw some British tomies killed within 50 feet of where I stood.

(Continued next week.)

ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Snapshots at Their Comings and Goings Here for a Vacation, or Away for a Restful Outing.

Miss Myrtle Stouteagle, of Altoona is spending the holidays with her home folks in this county.

Harry H. Gaster and Clyde Plummer near New Grenada, spent a few hours in town last Friday.

He'len Washabaugh is home from the Shippensburg State Normal School for her holiday vacation.

Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, is spending the holidays at the home of her parents, Hon. and Mrs. D. H. Patterson.

Philip Rotz and family and Mrs. Rotz's mother Mrs. John S. Nelson, motored to Chambersburg last Saturday on a little business trip.

Harry I. Johnston, a Government Accountant with the Curtiss Aero Corporation at Buffalo, N. Y., came home a few days ago for the holidays.

Ralph Johnston, of the Shippensburg Normal came home last Friday to spend the holidays with his mother Mrs. Margaret Johnston near Cito.

Ralph Reed, who has been employed at Riddleburg, came home last Saturday evening to spend the holidays with his family on East Market Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Woodal of Philadelphia are visiting the former's sisters Misses Georgia and Blanche, and Mr. and Mrs. Emery D. Small in Chambersburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Hann, Needmore R. R. 2, were pleasant callers at the News office while in town last Friday. Mrs. Hann has been quite much afflicted with rheumatism.

Mr. R. L. McClure and Geo. D. Foor—both of Breezewood, Pa., motored to McConnellsburg last Saturday morning and spent a few hours attending to little items of business.

Pete Morton came home Monday from the Park Aviation Field at Nashville, Tenn. on a six day furlough. He says there is always a good deal of "flew" in an aviation camp.

Russell H. Runyan a Civil Engineer with the U. S. Geological Survey, working "down in old Virginia" is spending the holiday vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Runyan.

Ex-County Commissioner and Mrs. W. L. Sprowl, their sons Ellis and George, and their daughter Mrs. Lizzie Stunkard—all of Wells Tannery, made a motoring trip to McConnellsburg last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Peck and little daughter Florence, accompanied by Harry's father and Miss Emma Eilers—all near Needmore, motored to McConnellsburg last Friday and spent a few hours shopping.

George W. Bishop, near Sharpe post office, announces that he will dig graves in the cemetery at Antioch, or in any other cemetery near that place for four dollars down according to size. He guarantees first class work.

Mr. C. L. Henry and sons Mack and George, of Clear Ridge, stopped a few minutes in McConnellsburg last Saturday morning on their way to Chambersburg to meet Rush Henry, who had been in Uncle Sam's service at State College, and was returning home for the holidays.

Miss Lois Mason, of Baltimore, and Miss Goldie Mason, of Middletown, Pa., are home for Christmas with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mason. Lois is assistant supervisor of Physical Culture in the Baltimore City schools and Goldie has received her position at Steelton, where she is teaching Music in the Baltimore